

FORWARD



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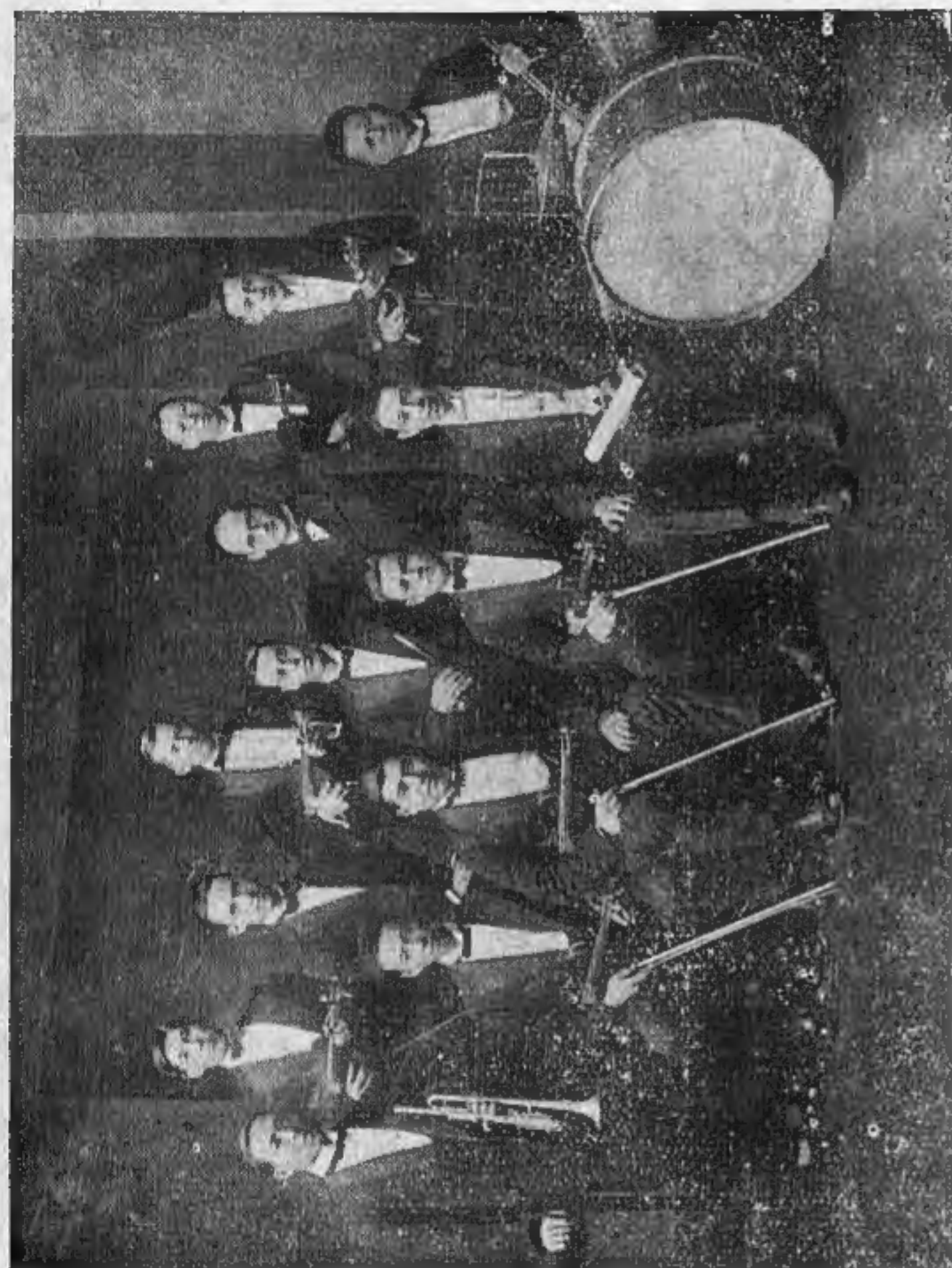
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THE THREE STARRY CROWNS.





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The Three Starry Crowns

St. Joseph's College Alumni Orchestra.

A Desire Realized.

GERALD JOLLES '23.

IN the one-horse town of Lansing in the state of New Mexico, there lived a man, a woman, and a child. The man was Richard Wylie, Richard, mind you, not Dick. Although still in the early thirties, hard lines had set into his face. He stood a good six feet, of good build and square-set features, and had it not been for the beady eyes and the thin lips, and the deep set lines about his face, one would have called him handsome. As it was, he was known as a tightfisted sheep dealer. The woman, his wife, was a timid, kind-hearted and God-fearing woman. The neighbors said she was too timid, bearing the harsh words and actions of her husband without resentment. The child, their only child, a boy, was the one and only tie which bound them together. And even this tie was not very strong. The son, now eleven, was the exact replica of his mother, not only in looks, but also in principles. The only education he had ever received was from his mother. It had been the mother's desire to have her boy sent away to a neighboring city for a good education when he became twelve years of age. John was now approaching his twelfth birthday, and Mrs. Wylie had made many futile appeals to her husband on the matter of sending their boy away to school.

"Don't cry, Mummy dear," said little John, when his mother had again been refused. "Our good Father above, of whom you have so often spoken to me, will arrange everything right. Now, Mummy darling, please don't cry any more!" "Thank God, Johnny, you're not like your father!

God only knows what made me marry him!"

"Come on, Mother, let's go into the house. It's near dinner time and Daddy'll be sore again if we're late with dinner." "That's right, Johnny, I had quite forgotten about it. You'll help me lay the table, won't you?" "Sure! Mama, I always do, don't I?"

During dinner Mr. Wylie said, "I hope, Mary, you have given up the absurd idea of sending Johnny away to school?" "By no means, Richard, (Even his wife was not permitted to call him Dick) I have cherished this hope ever since Johnny was a little tot, and I will never give it up." "I'm sorry, because that hope will never be realised; as it is, I am hard pressed for money." (He was one of the richest herders of Lansing, and had thousands to his credit in the city bank.) "I know, Richard, that your profits have not been large lately, but I mean to make a Novena to Our Blessed Lady, who I know will help us." "Piffle! As if you will get any help from *that* source." "Oh, Richard, don't speak like that!" This preceding conversation enables the reader to see what little Mrs. Wylie knew of the condition of her husband's business.

During the following week Mr. Wylie in company with her son made a fervent Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes. After the Novena was ended, John said, "I'm sure, Mummy, that my good Mother in Heaven will make Daddy rich soon so that I can go away to school. But really, Mama, I don't want to go away if you won't come with me, but you'll come won't you, Mum?" "No, Johnny dear, I'm sorry. I'll take

you to school but I can't remain in the city with you. My place is here, caring for your Daddy, and here I will be." "Alright, Mother, whatever you say is law. I'll try to do without you, but you'll write, won't you?" "Yes, Darling, I'll write to you every week."

A few weeks later Mr. Wylie became seriously sick. One night when he was about to meet his Creator, he called his wife to his side, and said, "Wifey dear, please call Father Noland. I want to make my peace with God." As Mary hurried on her errand she murmured prayers of thanksgiving to God. She had often prayed that her husband would again embrace the religion he had left after the death of his mother during his childhood. Her husband was not only reconciled with the

Church but also received the Last Sacraments. During the early hours of the morning he again called for his wife, and as she knelt beside his bed, he made a clean breast of everything and after having received his wife's unstinted forgiveness, his soul calmly passed away.

Mrs. Wylie and her son were amply provided for in her husband's will, whereby her cherished wish of sending Johnny away to a good Catholic college could be realized. After the funeral services were over, Mrs. Wylie and Johnny knelt down and said the Rosary in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady. After the worst of the grief was over, Mrs. Wylie and her son Johnny left Lansing for Dayton, Ohio, where Johnny was enrolled the following September.

Deduction.

JACK AGAJAN '23.

"James Brown, Ice magnate dies. New Will creates consternation. By its contents, son who was publicly disowned a few years ago becomes heir to millionsdaughter left penniless....." "This sounds 'fishy,' cried Joe Eastlake, as he read the sensational account of how a son who had long since left the paternal roof, came into his father's money.

Joe Eastlake had grounds for his suspicions because the millionaire's son had already attracted the attention of Police Headquarters by his unlawful gambling parties and other things without the pale of the law.

"Yes, there's something crooked in this will. A father writes a testament strictly unfavorable to his son and here comes a will of recent date, signed by the magnate, properly witnessed and bequeathing all to 'the son.' I'm sure

the new will is faked and now to test my theory."

Ten minutes after leaving P.H.Q. the young "Tec" found himself at the mansion of the late magnate. He was ushered into the presence of the millionaire's daughter, who by her father's will was left almost penniless in spite of his well known love for his only daughter.

After some ordinary talk, Eastlake inquired whether her father had employed a secretary.

"Yes," replied the girl, "because father used to hate doing any writing whatever and the only time that he would use a pen was when signing his correspondence and....."

"A moment," exclaimed the detective, as a thought struck him.

"Your father never read his correspondence eh, before signing it?"

"Oh no, father never even dictated his letters; the secretary did everything except sign the missives." Joe remained silent.

"Eureka! Eureka!" suddenly shouted the detective as he rushed out of the house and into a taxi which soon took him to the rooms occupied by the late millionaire's secretary.

A few minutes later Eastlake reappeared in company with a pale and worried young man.....

That evening, the newspapers astounded all New York by declaring that the new will was a framed-up affair.

A Lucky Strike.

C. VAN ZANDT '23.

Late in the year 1923, the controversy over the matter of ship subsidies was brought to a settlement. All of the great nations, with one accord, decided that only large passenger vessels required subsidies, and that no financial assistance should be given cargo carriers. As a natural result, all cargo boats were reduced to tramp steamers and every line was obliged to lower its rates in order to get cargo enough to fill its vessels. Rates kept dropping down and down until they reached bottom, and in order to prevent serious disaster, a conference was called by the shipowners. Nearly all of the steamship lines were in a poor state, for the many temptations of the times had degraded the owners and they no longer frowned on turning a crooked deal. At this meeting they decided that all lines would operate only on a rate which would give a profit of 100%, and any one not conforming to this agreement would be forced out of business, by fair means or foul. A number of honest owners

The papers ran thus: "Desperate at his father's attitude and trusting to luck, young Brown, helped by the secretary wrote up a will perfectly correct in form and presented it to the old man for his signature. Old Brown, fortunately for the swindlers, by force of habit never even read the paper but affixed his name to what he thought was but an ordinary letter....."

The signatures of the witness were easily procured and the young swindler would have gotten off with his daring trick but for the skill and deductive powers of Joe Eastlake, a promising young detective of Manhattan N.Y."

saw no way to escape the agreement and signed their names with the rest. Only one line had the nerve to hold out against them and stay out of the combine, and that was the "Twin Continental Steamship Company." This line was the straightest and strongest company of the time. It ran a fleet of ships between North and South America. Their crews were the best fed, their ships the finest equipped, and Doctor always on board.

Things went fairly well for the first six months after the conference, but after that however, they found themselves balked by their competitors. One of their vessels foundered in a storm, and three others were sold to keep the company from going under. But two ships of their fleet remained at the close of the year and the outlook was pessimistic.

At this time, one of the two remaining ships, the Arragon, was lying idle at Tampa, Florida. The other, the Thalia, was two days out of New Orleans where it had unloaded its last cargo. It was

APRIL, 1923

now off the Northern coast of Honduras, bound for Panama in search of new business.

The coast of Honduras and Nicaragua is covered with numerous reefs and small islands. Hence its name: The "Mosquito Coast." These reefs extend for eighty miles out into the Caribbean Sea and are a serious menace to navigation, and every captain breathes a sigh of relief when these reefs are passed.

The owner of the Thalia, Mr. Keith together with the chief officer, was on the bridge, as the steamer made its way slowly around these reefs. Suddenly, the Radio operator came hurrying towards them, carrying a message in his hand, which he gave to the captain to read. He read aloud the following words: Barquilla, June 28th. Large perishable consignment of fruit here ready for shipment. Storehouses overcrowded, fruit spoiling. First ship landing gets business." Mr. Keith, the owner, told the operator to find out if there were any other empty ships besides themselves in their vicinity or any nearer the port of Barquilla. He returned a few minutes later with the reply that the only other vessel was the Western Eagle, at that moment about thirty miles east of them. Hearing this, new life came into Mr. Keith's face, and his look of discouragement left him as he gave orders to the captain to steam ahead, full speed.

They knew that the Western Eagle belonged to a very crooked, rival concern of theirs, which would not stop at anything to win the race to port. It was a serious matter for the Thalia, and her failure to reach Barquilla first, would probably mean bankruptcy for the Twin Continental Steamship Company. The stokers worked feverishly in the suffocating boiler room, feeding the furnaces as fast as possible, and the turbines purred at full speed.

It was about two o'clock the following morning, when a light was sighted off the port bow. It came nearer and in spite of the angry blasts of the Thalia's whistle to turn aside, she began forcing the Thalia towards the reefed shore of a small promontory. It soon became apparent that the skipper of the other boat was either crazy or was purposely forcing the Thalia on to a reef. The captain, fearing a collision, kept edging in, towards shore. Then he tried new tactics. He stopped the ship, the other vessel stopped. He reversed, so did the other. The captain, by this time worked up to a frenzy, decided he might as well ram his oppressor and take a chance of not being sunk, as to hit a reef, and suiting action to his word, turned the old Thalia's bow around towards the intruder. It was now nearly daylight so that the outline of the other vessel became visible. As the two boats got within a hundred feet of each other, the name of the other ship stood out clearly for all to read, and settled the suspicions of the officers and crew of the Thalia, for the name on its bow was Western Eagle. They knew what their wicked designs were, to force the Thalia on to the reefs and then to go on after the cargo waiting for them at Barquilla, undisturbed.

Suddenly and without a moment's warning, the Thalia gave a great shudder while a crash split the bows and shook the hull from stem to stern. Turmoil at once ensued on the deck and there was a wild rush for the boats. Through the stern commands of the captain and mate, order was soon brought out of chaos. A lookout at the bows cried out in a loud voice, "We've struck a reef about two fathoms down."

Men were sent down to ascertain the extent of the damage to the hull. They soon returned to report the bad news that the ship had slid over a reef and her bows were badly smashed in, but that only the forward bulkhead was

filling. The ship was now resting on the edge of the reef.

Day soon broke; a diver was sent down and on coming up, brought back a small piece of rock, a sample of the main rock upon which they now rested. On examination, it appeared to be some sort of metallic ore.

The men were anxiously looking about them to see how close they were to land, and could discern clearly in the distance, a small island not more than a half a mile away. They were more than anxious to explore the green piece of land which lay in front of them; so a boat was lowered and they rowed over to it. All that could be seen of their enemy ship the Western Eagle, was her smoke as she disappeared beyond the horizon.

Around twelve o'clock an excited yell from the returning boat brought everyone up on deck. They tied up to a ladder let down from above and in a minute more, a crowd of noisy seamen streamed over the gunwhale shouting and all trying to talk at once. With them they brought what appeared to be ancient relics of some sort, pottery, knives and ornaments. One of the men explained thus: After they had landed on the island; they went in raptures over the beautiful spot, with its tropical verdure, and the deep green of its trees and vines. They were obliged to stay close to the coast as they explored. At first nothing out of the ordinary was noticed, but all at once one of the men stumbled over some obstacle, which on close inspection was found to be an earthenware bowl. It seemed to have come from a half opened mound. They dug into this with their knives and soon uncovered great numbers of articles which appeared to be of Inca or Aztec origin, some of which were made of gold. Near by stood the ruins of an old stone

building. Outside of this stood a large pile of stone similar to the one the Thalia rested on.

Everyone was so excited over this discovery that they had to go ashore and see it for themselves. The Doctor took a sample of the ore and tested it, the best he could with the limited apparatus he had on board. After a half-hour of scrutiny, he let out an exultant cry.

"It's gold ore, and what's more, I can tell how those ancient relics came to be on the island. Historians know that one of the Aztec centers of inhabitation was on the continent seventy miles away. It is also known by scientific minds that the bottom of the ocean and reefs which border this shore are of sunken land. Now this sea bed is of gold ore and it is very likely that this is the very mining ground and the source of the gold supply for which these Aztecs were famous. Since their time however, this land has sunken, leaving no trace of one of the most valuable treasures in the world."

It was hard to believe the wonders of the Doctor's statement, but they were willing that an examination be made of the surrounding sea bed and if what he had said proved true, they could wireless for help and have tools brought to begin taking out the ore. The Doctor's expectations were more than fulfilled, and as a result Mr. Keith wired the Arragon, to bring supplies and all necessary implements. They were there in a few days and a rich haul was made.

The Twin Continental Steamship Company thus became so wealthy that a whole new fleet of vessels was bought. Through their great power the unjust conference rates were brought down to normal, and the mean deal that the Western Eagle tried to do to them, turned into a blessing.

The Diamond Sculls.

R. BALDEN '23,

"Hello! Bill," I exclaimed as I caught sight of my friend, "how goes it with you? Feel fit for to-morrow's race?"

"Oh rather, I've been through some hard training and feel fit as a fiddle," replied Billie Burke, the great oarsman. "But I say, come along with me to the tea shop around the corner where we can have a chat."

"Right oh!" I answered, and in a few minutes we were seated in a cosy room discussing the morrow's race.

While we were thus talking, the occupants of a table a few feet away were staring at us with surprise.

"It's the very man himself," whispered Charlie Danby, the opponent oarsman in the race for the Diamond Sculls, to his companion. "By Jove, he does look fit. I'm sure to be beaten to-morrow, but there are other ways."

"I'd like to smash his ugly mug," answered his friend, a man named Looney Mike, a ruffian of the lowest type, "he got me kicked out of the Carlton Club, he did." "Oh, and so you don't favour Mr. Burke either eh! Well, see here, are you willing to earn five pounds?"

"Just say the word, guv'nor."

"Right. Now the course lies from the Scratch Club to the Carlton Club, and on the way we pass under London Bridge. As his boat passes under, drop this bomb on him, and he will become so harmed that his racing career will be finished for ever."

"But it's a risky job, guv'nor, I might get caught."

"Oh, it's quite safe. As soon as you have dropped the bomb, slink out of the crowd and you'll be safe."

"All right, I agree. But what of the five pounds?"

"Here it is, and don't make a hash of the job."

Charlie Danby then left the shop and as he walked home he thought of what was in store for the morrow, and it seemed to please him, for he grinned in delight.

In the meantime the two boys had left the tea shop and had gone home, never dreaming of the terrible plot that had been hatched right near them.

The following day dawned bright and clear. Races had been going all day but at two o'clock was the greatest event, "The Diamond Sculls." At about two o'clock the two boats rowed by Billie Burke and Charlie Danby lined up at the start.

A few minutes later, "Bang" went the pistol and the race was on. They started off neck to neck, but bit by bit Charlie Danby forged ahead, and just in front of London Bridge was in the lead by one length. His heart gave a great leap as he thought of what was about to happen, when suddenly something whistled by his ear and a terrific explosion followed.

Both boats immediately sank, but the occupants were speedily saved by the umpire's launch.

But meanwhile what of Looney Mike? After dropping the bomb he tried to slink out of the crowd, but such a crowd had collected on the bridge that he found it impossible to move. A number of rowing men made up the crowd and having caught the would-be assassin red-handed, decided to punish him. So they caught him up by his head and feet and with a mighty swing flung him into the river. He struck the water with a bang and as soon as he reappeared a police boat came along and with seeming reluctance saved him from the fate he

deserved.

The crowd had been struck dumb by these amazing incidents, but as the umpire's launch returned with the two men in it, they were greeted with shouts of "What's the matter? What's happened? Who threw the bomb? etc." The party in the boat took no notice of the shouts but continued up the river and were soon again at the starting place where all was explained to the president. The assembly meanwhile were shouting and yelling for some one to tell them all that had happened. The president not knowing much about it declined but called upon Bill Burke to explain it to the crowd.

So Billy got up on the platform and in a few words explained it to them.

"That bomb was intended for me. Charlie was pretty certain that he would lose the race and so he thought of winning by foul means. You all know that I

take it easy until London Bridge and then from there I spurt. Well, Looney Mike thinking that I was in the lead dropped the bomb, but of course Charlie was in the first boat, and so now he has a broken leg and will not be able to race any more."

The president then ascended the platform and going up to Billie said, "The race was not finished because of Danby's dirty trick, but I think that you fully deserve the cup and I think it quite right that you have it." And picking up the cup he handed it to Billie who was standing by with a happy grin on his face. Then turning to the crowd he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, three cheers for Billie Burke, the winner of the Diamond Sculls and the greatest oarsman." The cheering that followed could be heard in Littleslade a village five miles away.

The Traitor.

L. HORIO '23.

"Fifteen minutes gone, and still he does not show up, I hope there's nothing wrong," said Brown anxiously.

"He must be coming by this time doubtlessly," murmured Rhine.

"Listen, hear the steps?" cautioned Williams, raising his hands.

The strong hand touched the door knob and Gordon entered the room.

"So you're all here, did I keep you waiting?" Saying this, he eyed them suspiciously with his keen eyes, but gave no excuse and spoke with such calm air, as if he were the master of the place. His broad shoulders were shining with drops of rain water.

"Some rain," he burst out.

"Well, any good news, Gordon?" asked Rhine after a moment.

"Good or evil, he surely is going to

tell us something," observed Williams, clearing the ashes from his cigar, and continued, "First of all we must discuss about Lady Eastlake's diamond case; at the party to-morrow night, she is going to wear all her precious diamonds. One of us will tell her that she must go home quickly for her mother is seriously ill. There will be a car waiting outside, and the rest will be easy; now you're here, Gordon, so everything's ready.

"Everything is ready," sneered Gordon; "the plot has been discovered and the worst is that one of us has turned traitor; my servant Scheel gave me this secret letter; Brown, read it and pass it on."

"Fool," burst out Brown, when he was through and passed the sheet to Rhine.

"Most unfortunate," said Rhine

angrily; next Williams took the note, read it once and blushing, murmured, "Hang it, if Scheel says this, it might be true."

"I got this thirty minutes ago; this tells us that someone here has reported our plot to the Police, and mind, we're going to find him, and he shall die here in this room; is it you, Brown?" asked Gordon fiercely.

"Never."

"Then y. u, Williams?"

"No."

"You reported it then, Rhine?"

"Never will I do such a thing."

Gordon took out a revolver from his pocket, and laid it on the table; long silence followed—the three watched Gordon; only the noise of the rain could be heard through the dark night.

Gordon's stern voice suddenly broke the silence. "We must find out the traitor, we must not leave here till then, a little patience, and soon you'll know—"

Williams pushed his chair roughly aside, and with a cigar in his mouth began to pace up and down the small room uneasily. Suddenly he stood in front of the window and opened it; the cool air came directly to his face, he shivered a little, then motioned to throw his cigar out of the window.

"Stop," yelled Gordon.

"Hum, you thought I was going to signal, didn't you? but you're mistaken, look at it, it was out ten minutes ago." And saying this, Williams placed the cigar on the table.

My Adventure with a Ghost.

O. GUEZENNEC '23.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

(The Ancient Mariner)

....."Fifty eight, lower berth,"

"I understand," said Gordon, throwing the cigar into the stove, "you see, every funny movement looks suspicious at such time as this, be seated please—now let's give the traitor three minutes, if he confesses in three minutes, we'll let him go out of this room without any harm, no discount," he repeated, and looked attentively into his gold watch. "One minute," he said heavily, none moved; "Two minutes. Three minutes, the time has gone, what's the use, there's no"—

Suddenly the telephone bell rang, Gordon was the first to get up, leaving the revolver on the table, and took the receiver. "Yes, it's me,—what?—"

then turning around, he said, "Scheel has found out the traitor and he says—"

Before he was finished with his sentence, Williams jumped up taking the revolver in his hand and cried out excitedly, "Don't move or else you are a dead man."

"Listen, gentlemen," Gordon's voice was very calm, "it was my servant that phoned me, I told him to do so an hour after my leave, and my scheme worked well, he's the traitor and confessed it himself."

"What! get out of this room; if not, I'll shoot," yelled Williams like a lunatic.

"Shoot if you can, there's no bullet in that revolver," laughed Gordon. A black object was thrown out of the window to the street a hundred feet below; it seemed to struggle for a moment but soon it became motionless.

said I. The steward took my portmanteau. I shall never forget the expressions of his face, I thought he was either about to shed tears, to sneeze, or to drop my portmanteau..... The lower berth of that stateroom was double, sad

coloured curtains half closed the upper one, everything in the room had a sad appearance. Ugh, how I hate that stateroom.

Nothing especially worthy of mention occurred during that day. We left the Pier punctually, and it was very pleasant to be under way, for the weather was warm and sultry.

That evening I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation entering the room. Suddenly I became aware that the porthole was open and fastened back; I became very angry and called the steward to tell him that I would report to the captain for his negligence.

"Why don't you answer me?" said I roughly.

"If you please sir," faltered the man, "there's nobody on board who can keep this porthole shut at night. Look here, sir, is that fastened, what you may call securely fastened or not? Try it, see if it will move an inch." I tried the port and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued the steward triumphantly, "I wager my reputation that in half an hour it will be open again, fastened back too, sir, that's the awful thing, FASTENED BACK."

The steward scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course I thought he was trying to account for his negligence with a silly story, intended to frighten me and I disbelieved him.

I went to bed and rolled myself in the blankets. I lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which looked like a faintly luminous plate in the darkness. I was just dozing into sleep when I was roused by a draught of cold air, and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet but I was instantly thrown down by the motion of the ship; I recovered myself immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The porthole was WIDE OPEN &

FASTENED BACK. I could not believe that the clump had been turned back by the shaking of the screw. I was meditating on that queer thing, when I suddenly heard distinctly something moving behind me in one of the berths. I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the stateroom and tore the curtains of the berth aside, trusting to my hands, for I could of course see nothing in the darkness, to discover if there was anyone there; there was some one, I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm but was smooth, and wet, and icy cold. Suddenly as I pulled, the creature sprang violently at me; a clammy, oozy mass as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of supernatural strength; in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out and disappeared. When I recovered myself I doubted my senses and pulled myself together; it was absurd.

The next morning I went to the captain and told him what had happened. He didn't seem surprised and only answered that several persons had already told him that this stateroom was haunted, but that he thought it was purely imagination. I asked if he would spend a night with me in the stateroom in order to find out what it was; after some hesitation he accepted.

The captain was one of those splendidly tough and cheerful specimens of seafaring humanity whose combined courage, hardihood and calmness in difficulty leads them naturally into high positions of trust. He was not the man to be led away by an idle tale.

So when evening came we went below and entered the stateroom. The captain closed the door and bolted it.

"Supp sing we put my portmanteau before the door," I suggested; "One of us can sit on it and nothing can get out then." I looked at the port and found it as I had left it in the morning; indeed without using a lever as I had done, no

one could have opened it. I drew back the curtains of the upper berth so that I could see well into it, I lighted my lantern, the captain sat on the portmanteau and I sat on the edge of the lower berth.

"Very Good," said the captain; "if we see anything now it must be either imagination or something superna"..... The captain suddenly stopped talking and looked at the brass loop of the porthole; at the same moment he started to his feet with a loud cry of surprise: "IT MOVES." I sprang toward him, he was fighting with all his might with the loop. It seemed to turn against his hands in spite of all his efforts. I caught up my cane; a heavy oak stick, and passed it through the ring and bore it with all my strength. But the strong wood snapped suddenly and I fell upon the couch. When I rose again, the port was wide open and the captain was standing with his back against the door, pale to the lips. I suddenly sprang on the bed and seized something which lay in the upper berth. It was something ghastly horrible, beyond words, it was like the body of a man long drowned and yet it moved and had the strength of ten living men. I gripped with all my might the slippery, oozy, horrible

thing. The dead white eyes seemed to stare at me out of the dark. I wrested with the dead thing, but the living death overpowered me so that I at last cried aloud and fell loosening my hold. The thing sprang across me and throw itself upon the captain. It seemed to me that he struck a violent blow at the dead being and then he too fell forward with an inarticulate cry of horror. The thing vanished suddenly and it seemed to my disturbed sense that it made its exit through the open port

When I recovered myself, the day was breaking; I got upon my feet somehow and with my remaining hand (I had an arm broken in the struggle) I tried to raise the captain, he was not hurt but seemed badly stunned. After that adventure he became very silent and never sailed in the same ship.

Well, do you want to hear any more? There is nothing more; that is the end of my story. What was that THING? Was it a ghost? Nobody ever knew it; for the carpenter ran half a dozen four inch screws through the door "58," and nobody has gone inside that stateroom ever since. But one thing I can assure you; it was dead, anyhow.

Imaginative Characters.

T. OLSEN '23.

"Oh, doctor, I feel those symptoms! is it incurable? Is there no hope? You won't make me believe that you can cure it. I-It always ends in death; look at this." She handed me a black-rimmed death notice which stated that the deceased in question had died from heart failure.

"Oh, doctor, the lady was my neighbor and she had the same symptoms as I have." There might after all be some ground for her nervousness, so I

examined her with great care and found as I had expected that she suffered from nothing worse than indigestion. The rest was the result of a fanciful disposition. If she continued in the same way she would have a serious nervous breakdown. It was clearly a case where a cure could be effected by suggestion—by working on her imagination. Immediately I decided upon a course of action.

"My dear lady, your case is very

serious; your only hope is to do exactly as I tell you."

"Is it curable? what must I do? How long will it take? I don't believe you, doctor the magazine said it was incurable." And she burst into a flood of tears.

"Listen well to what I have to say; you must eat nothing to-day. Tonight you must take this tablet. It is Doctor Hoffmann's wonderful remedy for heart disease—the only remedy yet discovered." (I handed her an ordinary indigestion tablet.)

"Come again to-morrow and I am confident that you will be better."

Miscalculated Crime.

K. KORAYASHI '23.

After their graduation from College Mabel Higgins, Norma Mason and Ruth Hamilton obtained a small, cozy bungalow at Madison Square and lived there together as they used to do in the College boarding house.

One fine morning in October Mabel came into Ruth's room with her half-finished embroidery work to complete it with the help of Ruth. They were working on it for about three quarters of an hour, when Mabel exclaimed:—

"Ouch!"

"What's the matter?" Ruth asked.

"Oh," she answered with a forced smile, "I only pricked my finger with the needle. Don't trouble yourself, it's nothing."

and the work was continued. Fully fifteen minutes passed, when Mabel complained of a headache.

"Will you get me a cup of water, Ruth?"

Ruth went to the kitchen and brought back the object asked for; Mabel drank it, but before finishing half of it she turned pale.

She was quiet when she left me and told me she had great faith in the tablet.

The next day she was ushered in without the noise of the preceding time.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones, you are looking remarkably well to-day."

"I feel ever so much better. I must tell my friends about the tablet. I am confident that I'm cured."

I made a pretense of examining her heart, then with a smile I assured her that she would live to a good old age.

Such is the ignorance and imagination of some people and a doctor must know how to cope with them.

"My throat is burning," she cried and fell to the floor. Ruth ran up to her, but she was unconscious.

Ruth called a physician, and the doctor after an examination declared that Mabel was "poisoned." The Police were duly informed and investigation ensued but all was in vain. There was no clue to the mystery. Detective Payn was commissioned to attend to this case.

When Payn arrived at the house of the tragedy that afternoon, the first question he asked after Ruth gave him an account of the affair was,

"Did you get the water from a pitcher?"

"No, I got it from the hydrant directly."

"Do you think that she had any motive for committing suicide?"

"No, not to my knowledge. She seemed to be happy till the time of her premature death."

"Well, Miss Hamilton, the death of your friend must have been an awful strain to you."

"It was terrible.....Oh, Mabel!"

She took up the half-finished work of Mabel and pressed it hard to her bosom. Ruth was sobbing for a long time. The silence was broken by Payn at length.

"By the way, where is your other friend, Miss Mason?"

"Norma? She is out to see her... Oh, my throat...It is burning!"

She turned pale, and before Payn could come to her rescue, she fell down and lay motionless.

"THE SAME DEATH!"

Payn muttered with the shake of his head.

"It's strange, she did not drink the water and yet she died...So the poison must have been in something else!"

At this point his train of thought was cut short by a policeman who came to announce two visitors.

"Who are they?"

"Miss Norma Mason and Mr. Charles Willard."

"What! Miss Mason? Call her in." The two came in immediately. Upon entering the place Norma asked in a trembling voice,

"I heard that Mabel is dead, is that true? I wish it weren't."

"Yes, Miss and Miss Hamilton is also dead,"

said Payn calmly and added;

"Perhaps you could explain this."

"I? I don't understand."

"Calm yourself, my dear young lady, have you ever heard of them inheriting a fortune?"

"No, but I'm going to inherit one." She knelt down beside the dead form of Ruth. After a moment of silent prayer she picked up the embroidery work of Mabel's and raised it to her lips to kiss it.

Sam Tyler's Reward.

G. IVISON '23.

"Son—, take the old—store; be helpful to—those in need—of help, and work for the glory—of the Almighty—, who calls me—now" haltingly said

"Wait!" yelled out Payn and tore the piece of cloth from Norma's grasp.

"Now as long as this is in my hand there will be no more murder."

"What?" Norma exclaimed in surprise.

"You are saved, Miss Mason, saved from a well planned plot. Somebody was interested in your fortune and schemed your death...Oh, by the way, who is this gentleman?"

"He is Mr. Charles Willard, my only relation."

Payn walked towards him and before he was in doubt of what would happen, the handcuffs were upon him.

"What is this joke?" he demanded with indignation.

"Oh, don't get offended, Miss, I'll explain it in a minute. As you were going to inherit a fortune, this Willard plotted your death, thereby he would get the money, being your only cousin. But he is a coward.....so he chose the method of poisoning. Then he sent you some poisoned fancy needles, hoping that you might prick yourself with them. Yesterday Miss Higgins asked you for a needle and you gave her a poisoned one without knowing it. She pricked herself with it and died. Also Miss Hamilton hugged the work and the treacherous needle penetrated through her skin and caused her death. I discovered it just when you were going to kiss it. I took away the embroidery to prevent your death."

and turning to Willard, he said wistfully: "So, Mr. Willard your scheme was miscalculated, eh?"

Sam Tyler's father as he breathed his last. Crushed with his sorrow and weighed down by the responsibility of running the store to gain the necessities

of life, Sam lay awake, tossing in his bunk. Despairing of getting any sleep, he walked over to the low window that was yet a stranger to glass. The moon, a great yellow ball, hung high in the heavens; the forest now quiet, lay sleeping in the moonlight, while the fir shot skyward a blue black fringe on the garment of night. Yet this night had no beauty for him who lost his dear father and ablest counselor. "Almighty God, give me strength to bear this trial," rose from his trembling lips. As though in answer to this heartfelt plea, a voice within him said, "Don't break down, grit, grit is the stuff that makes MEN." A load seemed to be lifted off his mind and going to his bunk, he slept the sleep of the exhausted.

Because he was alone and in charge of Post Huron, Sam started nervously when he heard a step at the door. The next moment he passed calmly through the gateway that divided the trading room, to greet his first customer. "Morning, chief. Bacco?" "Ugh!" granted the patriarch as he passed a silver coin over the top of the well polished counter for his weekly ration of tobacco. Then as was his habit, he shuffled to the soap box at the door, drew out his pipe and blew clouds of blue smoke heavenwards. He was an Indian on whom the years seemed to rest heavily, though yet there was a vestige of the hauteur and vitality that had marked his early days. Then, he had been a chief of a powerful tribe; now, he was a chief only in name; his people had even discarded the buckskin coat and trappings for the white man's clothes. Thus he was a lonely man who hid himself behind an inscrutable face and a voice that was heard less as the years rolled on.

"What's the old pesker doing? Knock him off his perch!" were some of the words yelled at the Indian by a crowd of drunken lumber jacks.

Suddenly sounds of a fierce struggle

struck Sam's ears. Rushing to the door he espied the old chieftain all crumpled up on the hard ground, while through the old man's clenched teeth hissed the single word "Revenge." There are limits to the endurance of an Indian, and without a sound he fainted away. Sam's features grew rigid; his mouth became a straight line. "You cruel men. I'll report you to the Inspector."—"Inspector be....." growled the ruffians, as they swaggered away. Sam recalled his late father's word. "Be helpful to those in need of help." So gathering the aged chieftain in his arms, he made his way to the living quarters. He then laid the old man in his own bunk.

"Life fluttered convulsed in his quivering limb,

And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims."

Sam had only the ready remedies of the back woods to fight against the Grim Reaper. Delirium set in; anxious days for him, for if the Indians heard of the dastardly attack, even of his own cabin

"The blackness of ashes would mark where it stood,

And a wild mother's scream for the loss of her brood!"

Often in the depths of the night the Eagle's low voice, rising from deep groans to cries of anguish would chant,

"Where is my cabin door fast by wild wood?

Brothers and sire! do ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood;

And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,

Why does it dote on a fast fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot

recall."

But soon calmer days came. The old chief improved more and more, until one day in broken English he said, "White boy do me good. Save life Red Eagle. Me punish had mans. No touch other

white man's, 'cause white boy good to chief. All pelts, furs, now here sell! You good'um. Shake!" There was a joyful lightness in Sam's heart as he took the old chieftain's horny hand and shook it heartily.

My Experiences as a Bottle.

E. W. BALDEN '24.

I began my life in a large bottle manufactory. Having been duly shaped like my comrades I was left to harden, and then sent with the rest to a distillery. I am not certain as to the exact period of time that I remained here, but I was placed on a shelf for several days, and then filled up with the liquid which men like so much, that is, something, which when taken in too large quantities is liable to produce a peculiar sensation. After being treated in this manner I was made to depart with about four and twenty companions, in a large box, which was placed on a waggon and drawn away. Some few days later, I was reposing on a shelf in a grocer's, watching the customers go in and out. However I was not destined to remain here long, for a week later I was sold to a large and robust gentleman, who put me into his pocket and carried me off to his house. Here I was placed with a number of other bottles of various shapes, sizes, and contents. The next day the gentleman (who appeared to have quite

a tendency for drink) uncorked me and with sundry smackings of lips, emptied about one half of my contents.

The result as may have been foreseen was disastrous, for that same night the mistress of the house picked me up and, to my dismay hurled me out of the window into the river which flowed hard by. This sudden expulsion angered me not a little, and I was exceedingly indignant with the fates that had placed me into this precarious position. However this feeling gave way to a philosophical resignation of my ill luck, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself on the intactness of my bones, when I heard a disrespectful youngster shout, "Hey! Jack, I'll bet I can hit that old bottle before you can," and a stone came whizzing along and hit me in the neck rendering me incapable of action so that I sank slowly, the undesirable liquid, or what was left of it, gradually mixing with the water. It was thus that I made my exit from the world.

Be Kind To Everybody.

CHARLES V. MAHLMANN 5TH PREP.

My teacher at St. Joseph's College asked me to write something for the next "Forward" which is to be printed very soon.

I thought it very kind of him to believe that I am able to do such a task,

because I am only eight and a half years old, but as I do not like to disappoint him I shall try my best to write a little about something which everybody likes to receive from others, and that is kindness.

It gives us great pleasure to be treated kindly, and we should never forget to give the same pleasure, not only to those who treated us kindly, but even to others who have not the good manners to treat others as they would like to be treated themselves.

Kindness is usually returned by kindness not only by human beings but also by dumb animals. For instance: A gentleman, who lives in our neighborhood, has a bulldog called "Buster" a noble looking animal and a good fighter.

I used to be much afraid of him until about a year ago, when we became very good friends, owing to little acts of kindness I showed him by giving him nice pieces of toast. He showed plainly in different ways that he was better pleased and more friendly every time I gave him something to eat, and very soon gave signs that I might take the liberty of patting him, and when at last I did so, he seemed more pleased than ever. This friendship between Buster and myself is still lasting, and he usually comes round to our house every few days to pay me a visit, when his steady stare into my eyes and the wagging of his tail clearly shows that we are friends and that he would thank me for former kindnesses, if he were able to speak.

I also became friends with another

dog about two months ago, whose name I do not even know yet. He is of that long German type, called Dachhund, whose body seems far too long for four short legs; he ought to have at least two more, as the present ones barely keep his belly clear of the ground. He is a comical looking dog. The only kindness I have shown to him thus far has been kind talk, a little bread and patting; but this has been enough to make him show me that he likes me, for whenever I pass the house where he lives on my way to school he is waiting for me, either at the gate, or comes to meet me as soon as I come within sight of him with a whimper of delight.

Kindness to dogs, horses, oxen, cats and all other domestic animals brings its own reward; for they are not without gratitude, if kindly treated. On the other hand if badly treated they will soon show resentment.

Kindness to house-servants and other employees will also be much better than unkindness.

"Let us then be kind to each other and also to dumb animals, for

Little acts of kindness, and little deeds of love

Make this world an Eden, like the Heaven above."

L'Arabe et son âne.

L. CHERNYH. '24.

Un jour un Arabe retournait à la maison avec son âne, qu'il menait derrière lui avec une corde autour du cou. L'homme était préoccupé et ne regardait pas autour de lui. Deux autres Arabes, des voleurs, en le voyant, décidèrent de profiter de sa préoccupation et de voler son âne. Ils s'approchèrent en cachette et firent le noend qui tenait l'âne; L'un d'eux mit la

bride autour de son cou et l'autre s'éloigna avec l'âne. Quand le premier voleur vit que son camarade était hors d'atteinte, il s'arrêta. Le possesseur de l'âne, sans regarder, tira la corde, mais sentit de la résistance. Alors il se retourna et vit qu'au lieu de son âne il menait un homme. Il le regardait stupéfait, sans pouvoir parler. Voyant sa surprise le voleur dit: "Mon ami, je vois que vous

ne reconnaissez pas votre âne. Il y a quelques années j'ai battu ma mère. Je fus immédiatement puni: je fus transformé en un âne. Vous m'avez acheté et depuis ce temps-là je vous ai servi. Aujourd'hui c'est le jour de ma délivrance." L'Arabe mit en liberté son "âne" et alla à la maison où il raconta son histoire. Toute la famille était

inquiète d'avoir fait travailler un homme comme un animal. Quelques jours après l'Arabe se rendit dans la ville voisine pour acheter un autre âne. Là il aperçut tout à coup le sien. Il s'approcha de lui et lui dit à l'oreille: "Malheureux! tu as de nouveau battu ta mère. Peu importe! Je ne vais pas t'acheter maintenant."

Histoire d'un Fantôme.

K. KOBAYASHI '23.

C'est une histoire vraie qui m'est arrivée à moi, il y a plusieurs années. J'ai un ami que j'aime beaucoup. Il était soldat et il partit pour la guerre en 1915. J'ai reçu plusieurs lettres de lui du champ de bataille.

Une nuit je suis allé au lit plus tard que d'ordinaire et à peine étais-je couché que j'entendis la porte s'ouvrir. Je levais la tête et j'étais curieux de savoir qui avait fait cela. J'étais sûr que la porte était fermée.

"Il faisait très froid."

E. JUNGERS '24.

Comment un sultan réussit à trouver un honnête homme.

Un sultan désirait trouver un honnête homme pour percevoir les impôts de son domaine, mais il ne savait pas où il pourrait en trouver un. Il consulta un avocat très habile, qui lui conseilla de faire une réclame et d'inviter tous les candidats de s'assembler dans son palais, une certaine nuit. "Je vous montrerai l'homme honnête, quand vous leur aurez demandé de danser," dit l'avocat. Les candidats arrivèrent au palais, la nuit fixée. Un officier leur commanda d'avancer l'un après l'autre,

J'entendis une voix et les pas de quelqu'un qui marchait dans le corridor demandant ma chambre. A juger par la voix et la manière de marcher cela semblait être mon ami.

"Etes-vous mon ami, Jean?"

Demandai-je. Tout à coup le bruit s'arrêta. J'ai sauté de mon lit et je suis sorti de ma chambre mais je n'ai trouvé personne.

Le jour suivant je reçus un télégramme du champ de bataille m'annonçant que mon ami avait été tué la veille.

vers le sultan, en traversant un passage obscur. Dès qu'ils étaient tous rassemblés devant le trône, le sultan dit, "Messieurs, je désire beaucoup vous voir danser." Tous les candidats refusèrent, excepté un seul qui dansa joyeusement. "Voici l'honnête homme," dit l'avocat, en montrant du doigt le danseur. Dans le passage obscur, l'avocat avait déposé beaucoup d'argent, et tous les hommes malhonnêtes en remplirent leurs poches. S'ils avaient dansé l'argent aurait résonné dans leurs poches comme dans une tirelire, ainsi ils auraient été découverts.

POETRY

Evening Shades.

When evening shades upon the ground are cast
And bats in search of bugs o'er head sweep past;
The tolling curfew all the still air fills,
Its echoes ring o'er woody vales and hills.

L. Cox II. High

Jewels.

Where creeping shadows steal across
And cast upon soft beds of moss
Blurred images and sturdy forms
Of oaks that stood 'gainst howling storms;

There 'neath these phantom woodland shades
Rare flowers like some light blue jades
Lift up their faces by the way
On which gay checkered sunbeams play.

Here 'mid a rich surrounding screen
Of water reeds of softest green
A murm'ring spring is hid from view
By ferns sprayed o'er with pearls of dew,

The birth place of a gentle brook
That broadens with each hollow nook
And trickles down a velvet slope
Beneath a grassy envelope.

Thru all the day a babbling song
It voices as it flows along
Right o'er a rugged pebbled shore
And down a worn and tilted floor.

And whirling into sunny pools
Its waters shine like brilliant jewels.

M. Fachtmann II. High.

Coal.

I am a thing dug from the earth,
And used by all in every hearth
I am as black as black can be
But some are brown and burnt like me.

The miners bold and strong go down
To fetch me out all safe and sound;
They find me hidden everywhere,
In veins all scattered here and there.

My fathers long ago were trees
Which swayed to every ancient breeze;
They grew as forests big and small
But all were known as very tall.

The wind so strong and fierce did blow
Upon the trees that nature sowed
Till all were broken, rooted down
And rocks were rolled with monstrous sound.

The logs were pressed by all the dirt
That followed soon upon the first
And now it flames as nice as wood
Because the carbon burns so good.

R. Cox II. High

The Stars.

Oh, little stars above so high,
You shine and twinkle in the sky.
You are the prettiest little flowers
That trim up heaven's majestic bowers.

You are the jewels that light the sky,
When darkness reigns supreme on high.
You are the little guards of earth
That of old announced the Savior's birth.

Koslovsky I. High.

Snowball.

At first I lay, as pure white snow,
Which fell from clouds the night before.
The sun was hot and queer I felt,
For I was in a mood to melt.

And thus upon the earth I lay
The whole of night and part of day.
At last, was plucked from lowly bed;
He pressed me, spite of tears I shed.

He tugged and pulled and tightly pressed
I felt indignant but depressed;
He rounded me into a sphere,
I think I was half-dead with fear.

At length the trouseled head of Jack
Did slowly 'pear from fence in back.
My master threw, the shot went wide,
It is the boy right on his side.

F. Bonicke II High.

The fair blue skies of Palestine
Turn dark and ebony cold
And shrink: a Tragedy Divine
Its mystery doth unfold.

Dark and darker grows the light,
And lightning rents the air;
The sun had failed, 'tis dark as night
When Jesus suffers there.

On the mountain, in the distance
Three crosses 'gainst the sky.
'Tis where Our Lord gave each a chance
To gain a Home on high.

Upon His face divine a welt
The thorny crown had made
We cannot tell what pains He felt
He died for us 'tis said.

In spite of sin, of hell the breath,
In spite of Adam's fall,
In spite of all, He suffered death
He died to save us all.

F. Bonicke II High.

May.

The joyous birds are singing
To welcome in the day;
The fairest buds are springing
To hail the coming May.

E. Gomes II High.

Conscience.

I have a voice so clear, so low
As all the world doth know,
I am the judge of every man,
Of all his acts and plans.

Tung II High.

The Stars.

Above I see so many stars;
Below I see the earth.
The stars, they twinkle high above
And seem so full of mirth.

So pretty are those tiny gems,
So far away at night;
They beam forth from the dark blue sky,
For us they shed their light.

When day, I search the sky in vain
Of them to find a trace;
At night these tiny twinkling sparks
The arch of heaven grace.

R. Blum I High.

The Brook.

Beneath the quiet woodland shades,
Where modest flow'rs much like blue jades,
Show up along the winding way
On which gay checkered sunbeams play
With creeping shades that steal across
And cast upon the bed of moss
Blurred images and sturdy forms
Of oak that stood the stress of storms,

Amid a rich surrounding screen
Of water reeds of softest green,
A murm'ring spring is shut from view
By ferns sprayed o'er with pearls of dew,
The birthplace of a gentle brook
That broadens with each hollow nook
And finds its passage down a slope
Beneath a grassy envelope,
And all the while a babbling song
It utters as it goes along.

M. Fachtmann II High.

Harvest Time.

Climbing up a mountain steep
Spreading out its farther reach
Fields by fields the harvest yield
Yellow on the mother field.

Naught on earth is fairer than
Softened sleep of golden rays
On the green and flowery land
Where the elves and imps will play.

O'er the head, a silvery cloud
 Variegates the fleecy hue
 With the colors meek and loud
 Casting o'er the expanse of blue.

Rippling down the glassy sky
 As the curves of distant foam,
 Clouds are seen all glistening white
 Like the sea when winds are blown.
 R. Cox II High.

Lying neath the sylvan shade
 On velvet carpet in the glade
 An ideal spot to rest awhile
 To see fair nature's wholesome smile.
 J. Martin II High.

Japanese Schools.

It has been said that the great victory of Mukden was won by the Japanese school teacher. A cursory glance at the modern Japanese School system will suffice to prove that never did a paradox get nearer the truth.

Popular education in the days of the EDO BAKUFU was left in the hands of the Buddhist Bonzes. Hence the appellation of TERAKOYA, given to these schools. The teaching was limited to reading and writing with a slight tincture of arithmetic and abundant folklore. Higher knowledge was the exclusive privilege of the Samurai or warrior caste, but even this was confined to Confucianism, as taught in Japan, which was practically atheistic and laid down rules of statecraft and social etiquette.

Western sciences were unknown, as the country had been shut to foreign intercourse by TOKUGAWA IEMITSU in 1640 and ever since kept hermetically closed to foreign thought until the beginning of the Meiji era.

All this in hatred of Christianity, the "Jakyo" or perverse religion, which had the audacity of teaching the existence of a supreme God, throning high above

Daily Work.

The east is red with crimson light,
 With all its terrors passed the night,
 The farmers to their labor go,
 Upon their fields the seeds to sow.

Above the sky the sun is high;
 Upon the fields the workmen lie
 To rest and share their mid day meal;
 For work 'twill make them better feel.

The west is red with crimson light;
 The day has passed, on comes the night.
 So from their toil return the men
 To end a day and start again.

L. Cox II High.

the national gods who had created Japan.

Christianity was absolutely banished from the empire. The most violent persecution mentioned in the annals of history broke out in 1614 and waged on incessantly until the apparent extinction of Christianity towards 1650. Large signboards were hung up at the crossings of all the roads throughout the length and breadth of the land, forbidding the "perverse cult" under the severest penalties, and promising substantial rewards to all who would denounce a priest or a Christian. On the urgent representations of Prince IWAKURA, then traveling in Europe in an official mission, these offensive signboards suddenly disappeared one night in 1873, the 5th year after the imperial Restoration.

That same year ushered in a new system of education, modeled on modern European lines. The whole machinery of education was entrusted to the Educational Department, headed by a Minister of State, who was assisted by a board of education. Three kinds of schools were devised; primary or Common Schools, Middle Schools, and Universities. The Empire was divided into 8 academic

circuits, each of which was to have one university, 32 middle schools, and some 6,000 primary schools. The system has undergone various changes. As a matter of fact Japan at present possesses four kinds of schools: primary, middle, and professional schools and universities.

There are ordinary primary schools and higher primary schools. The former have a curriculum of six years; children enter them when full six years of age, and leave them at twelve, after which they may try the entrance examination to middle schools, professional schools, and higher girls' schools. The course is obligatory and as a matter of fact must be followed in a public school, thus leaving very little chance for private schools. The higher primary course covers two years of study, but is optional. The program of study comprises the Japanese language, arithmetic, history, geography, drawing, the elements of natural philosophy, singing, and gymnastics. The higher course includes, into the bargain, lessons in manual labor and agriculture for country districts, or of practical commerce in the larger towns.

Coeducation is the rule. Boys and girls have the same playground, but for the older children the schoolrooms are generally different. For a long time there were only men teachers even for girls, but nowadays there is a good sprinkling of women teachers even for little boys. The expenses of the ordinary primary schools are all borne by the townships. In spite of the high cost of living, the teachers' salaries are modest, varying from 40 to 180 yen per month. Playing truant, so common elsewhere, is not known; the children are all eager to study, and in fact 98% go to school. In principle primary education is supposed to be free, as even the poorest children are required to attend school, but most schools charge small fees, varying between ten and forty sen a month.

Of course these cannot cover all expenses; the townships must pay the balance. At present Japan proper contains a little over 25,000 public primary schools with an army of 172,000 teachers, and nearly 9 million pupils, compared to which private primary schools cut a very sorry figure, numbering only 150 in all, with 80,000 pupils. As a rule they are tolerated only where no public school exists, or where for some reason or other the public school cannot well supply the needs of the population. Most of them that do subsist, owe their existence to the initiative of industrial companies, for the children of their workmen, who live too far from the nearest public school. Some have been donated by rich residents to poor districts, whilst others are intended for an elite and charge higher fees than the public schools.

Officially religion is banished from all public schools in Japan and from such private schools as wish to enjoy the privileges of public schools. The statesmen who made the Restoration had been raised up in the materialistic atmosphere of Confucianism, and had little tenderness for religion. Moral education was to be based on science alone. Things went on pretty well for a time, but after some years public morality was found to be at a very low ebb indeed, and legislators began to suspect that a nation which intends to be really progressive, cannot well do without some religion. Now there are three religions professed in Japan. Shintō Buddhism, and Christianity. Of course Shintō, the national hero worship, received a preference, and not to violate the text of the law, it was decreed that Shintō was no religion at all, but only a compendium of the folklore and traditions of old Japan, the most important of which was the following: Japan was built up by the divine ancestors of the Emperor. Shintō morality is summed up in loyalty

to the Sovereign and obedience to parents. Thus Japanese mythology found its way into the schoolroom, where it assumed the gravity and authority of current history, the least doubt or criticism on this head eyed askance as smacking of lese majesty. From time to time the children are led by order to some neighboring shrine to worship the national heroes and deities.

When we remember that the primary school is practically a State monopoly, that all the children are forced to go to the public school wherever possible, that the normal schools are also state monopolies, that the students must be boarders at least for some time, so that the State may be able to instil forcibly into their minds and hearts the ideas and feelings which the legislator has deemed essential to the political and social stability and well-being of the nation, and later on, by the official teaching in the schoolroom, have the same ideas and feelings indelibly stamped in the souls of all the children of the land, as the first and most lasting impressions of life...when therefore, we remember that this powerful machinery of education was introduced in the year 1873, which closed the era of violent persecution against Christianity, it is not easy to ward off a haunting suspicion that this system of obligatory schooling was perhaps, if not invented at least used as a war weapon, as a means efficaciously to bar out Christianity, after it had become evident that violent persecution was now out of season and undesirable in the face of the sullen attitude of the western powers, whose good will had to be bought at any price.

The fact is that the educational system has proved a most efficient bar against Christianity for these last fifty years.

Another cause for suspicion on the same grounds is the government monopoly of school books. Ever since

1903 all school books on morals, Japanese language, history, and geography for primary schools are to be published by the State. The composition of other books is left to private initiative, but they cannot be used in any school without the approbation of the educational authorities. Moral teaching for all the schools is based on the Imperial Rescript on education, which was published in 1891 and is revered as at least equal if not superior to the Christian Decalogue. Middle schools for boys are called *chugakkō*, girls, *kōtōjogakkō*.

Together with the professional schools, they are ruled by the KEN or Departments. All appointments of teachers to such schools, whether private or public, must be approved by the local Governor. Every Ken must keep up at least one middle school for boys and one for girls. After finishing the ordinary primary school, children may try the entrance examination to the middle school, but hardly one fourth of the candidates succeed, as middle school accommodations are hopelessly inadequate. Although the public schools generally get the best pupils, private schools still have ample margin for making a good choice.

At present there are in Japan 256 public middle schools for boys with 5,294 teachers and 121,939 pupils, against 81 private middle schools with 1687 teachers and 37,037 pupils. For girls there are 330 public high schools with 1,370 teachers and 26,392 pupils.

Private initiative, well nigh stifled in primary education, has better prospects in the middle schools. It is welcomed by the Authorities, as the supply of the public schools is insufficient for the demand. Private schools are upheld by religious bodies, or by philanthropists, or educational societies. The expenses of the public middle schools are borne by the KEN or Departments, but the subsidies are small, as the school fees

are relatively high, being four or five yen a month, and go far to pay the current expenses. The curriculum covers five years of study, and most pupils graduate at the age of 17.

The branches of study are the same as those of High Schools abroad, with the exception of latin, which is replaced by Chinese. The foreign language is English. The school books must all bear the official approbation.

The pupils of public middle schools enjoy two privileges, much coveted by every young man in Japan: postponement of military service until completion of studies, and after graduation the right to compete for the entrance examination of all higher institutions of learning. No private school can get these privileges unless it bars religion from the class hours, a ruling which exists in very few countries of the world. But practically this restriction applies only to Christianity, as Buddhist doctrine and history fill the text-books, and Shintō is even forced upon the primary school children.

High schools for girls were properly organized only in 1899, but they have grown exceedingly ever since. The course covers four years of study, with the option of one or more years of work. The branches taught are the same as those of boys, save higher mathematics, to which are substituted sewing, cooking, music or some other accomplishment more suitable for the fair sex.

Professional schools prepare directly for the useful arts and for industrial and commercial professions. There is a common course and a higher course. The common course has the same grade as the middle school, but the instruction is more specialized. Such schools are countless all over the land and answer all the pursuits of a cultured nation. The curricula cover from three to five years.

Above the middle and professional schools rise the universities both public

and private. In this line the State has done all that is possible in a country where the largest portion of the budget goes to the army and navy. Here also private enterprise has been less hampered than in the schools of inferior grade. Suffice it to say that besides four State universities headed by TOKYO and KYOTO, there exist several full fledged private universities, among which the most conspicuous are KEIO with 6,000 students and WASEDA with some 10,000 students. These universities are the work of FUKUZAWA and OKUMA, the most famous educationists of Japan. But in this great noble work of higher education a vast field lies still open, and both State and private initiative are far from having said their last word.

Thus viewed from the standpoint of apparent efficiency, Japan has made immense progress during these last fifty years. The country is literally dotted with schools of all kinds and grades, from the kindergartens of the tiny tots to the universities with bearded graduates, for the brain-racking study of Chinese characters and literature proves such a drawback on the young men yearning after practical life, that they generally graduate from the university three or four years later than their western comrades. Meanwhile the prophetic will of the late Emperor MEIJI has been accomplished: "There shall no more be a single illiterate family in the most remote village, nor a single illiterate person in the poorest family." Still if we consider the result of this gigantic achievement, it can not be called an unmixed good. Broadcast all over the land have been sown the poisonous seeds of materialism, whose fruits are appearing on many sides. It is a great pity indeed to see Japanese gentlemen of high rank and culture boast of the moral education given in the schools and lament on the decadence of public

morality. Of course stunted praise must be ungrudgingly dealt out to the magnificent educational effort Japan has made for these fifty years (1873-1923), all the more as she was handicapped by three centuries of exclusion from the rest of the world and by the unhappy prejudices that came naturally in its train.

As a result the Japan of the Restoration rushed in headlong for the conquest of foreign knowledge, all the time keeping at bay, the mother of western civilization, that is, Christianity

which she suspected of ominous design against her rights, whereas Christianity, as seen in her true part by the light of history, has ever upheld and protected the rights of all the nations she has met in the course of ages. We have good reasons to believe that the time is not distant, when Japan completely ridding herself of past prejudices will recognize in the Church of God, her best ally and staunchest support in the noble but arduous work she is doing for the welfare of her people.

Alumni Section.

G. JOLLES '23.

Charles Pedersen, '22. Charlie writes in glowing terms of the splendid work being done at the University of Dayton along scholastic lines, and on the gridiron. He wishes the best of success to all the undertakings of his old Alma Mater.

Theodore Worden, '22. "Fatty," managed to get his benignant countenance in the picture of his college football squad. How did you do it? You sure look ferocious enough. Go to it, old boy, show 'em what a Yokohamaiter's made of!

Edward Babo-Vivenot, '22. To the "Professor," the Seniors extend their hearty thanks for the kind gift of a periodical, the "Scientific American." How goes it, "Prof?"

Herbert G. Bennett, '16.

Bertie wishes to be kept on the mailing list of the college. There are probabilities of his going with Harold Treasize to the States, for a four months

course in the study of oil. He also renewed his subscription for the Forward.

Harold Treasize. Harold paid us a visit a few weeks ago to bid the college faculty farewell. He is about to go to the States where he will take a special course in the study of oil.

D. R. Daver. '22. Daver has launched himself out into the business world of Shanghai, which city, he says, is very fine. He wrote his appreciation of the Forward in glowing terms and showed it by renewing his subscription.

Henry S. Scheel. Henry lets us know of his safe arrival in Hamburg, at the same time wishing the Faculty and his old classmates a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. His address is Monckeberg, Strasse 5, Hamburg, Germany. Got a lame hand, Henry? Your old classmates are dying to receive a line from you!

Windows.

J. S. B.

An American writer has related in verse a strange experience which befell her not long ago in one of those horrible streets which disgrace our cities.

She was walking through this terrible

neighbourhood, so squalid, so unclean, revolted by the sights and odours, seeing nothing there in those she chanced to meet.

"Save hard or sodden faces, shambling feet," when suddenly she was stopped dead by a face so beautiful and sweet that she felt as if a hand had arrested her.

This face, she tells us, looked out from a shop window. She felt herself rebuked. Those wonderful eyes, steadily regarding the dreadful street, were the eyes of One "too tender to despise the least, or of the lowest to despair."

What chiefly strikes us in this dramatic incident is the contrast it affords between human ideals and human reality. We ask ourselves why there are so many faces in the world which are hard or brutal, so many streets which are a disgrace to civilisation, so many things in the world to sadden and depress us?

The traditional picture of Jesus, which looked out on this street, is by no means the picture of a mere man. It is more. It is the ideal of the artist looking for something divine. Why then do we not see more faces like it?

The human face is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is a picture of the soul. We are always at work painting our own portraits. Every thought is a stroke. Either we are making our faces hard or kindly, bitter or sweet, hateful or lovable, weak or

strong. The eyes are the windows of the soul. The soul looks out from them, and through them we can look at the soul.

Perhaps if we realised that we are for ever painting our own portraits we should be more careful of the thoughts we entertain in our minds. We become what we think about. Not only is our face drawn by our thoughts, but our health is affected by them. To think fearlessly is to feel well. To think despairingly is to feel ill. As a plain woman who is sweet-minded comes to have a lovable face, so a delicate person who keeps dark thoughts away will tell you she never feels ill.

Perhaps it would be a good thing for us if we hung our picture of Jesus beside our looking-glass, and every day looked from one to the other, asking ourselves if we are growing more like or less like that face of gentleness and strength, of love and justice, of kindness and truth.

The world has need of faces which encourage hope and develop character. Our walks, even in mean streets, ought to be an inspiration to us. Christ meant us to be happy, says a great writer—*happier than any other people.*

SPORTS.

The Effect of Sports on a Boy's Life.

G. IVISON '23.

Sports have a great influence upon the future life and bearing of a boy. They form in him the power of endurance and level-headedness, but most of all they aid him to control his temper. This is one of the greatest assets of sports. A hot tempered boy cannot succeed in any sport, and the very act of partaking in it forces him to control his feelings until it becomes almost natural to him not to get angry when hurt or in

any way discomfited. A bad temper to any man in whatever position of life he may be, is a bugbear and a curse. It sticks to him all the time. He is never sure when it will break its bonds and under its baneful influence cause him to commit acts, for which he will be sorry for the rest of his life.

A boy with a bad temper is never welcome. "Ah, he gets wild," is the usual rejoinder to an inquiry of his

legibility to play, and finding himself baffled he "flies off his handle" and the result is sundry black eyes and skinned knuckles. Now all this would not have happened if he would have controlled himself.

As a young man he loses his temper in an argument or debate; from impersonal and abstract things he comes down to individuals, says things he did in no way mean and makes himself and everybody else miserable. That night reflecting on what he did, he says to himself, "Oh, what a fool I have made of myself. I've made an enemy of so and so, and I suppose I've got to 'pologise. I wish to goodness I could control my beastly temper."

A man finding himself in a critical position requiring the full use of his faculties, will make a mess of his affairs if he gives way to his now chronic ill-temper. Everything goes wrong and he is almost distracted in the attempt to straighten the matter out. The trouble comes to the knowledge of his employer. He is called to the office and told: "I

am sorry but we will have to do without your services. You are not dependable." Later this chronic bad temper causes his mind to weaken, his veins to stretch over their limits, and finally he falls a victim to apoplexy that fell disease that carries away so many men.

Or in a fit of passion he will kill a man. "Murder, murder," cries a voice in his heart. By some means he effects his escape; yet that insistent voice of his conscience clamours; he takes to drink and tries to drown his dark thoughts. Temporary escape opens before him. Yet the voice seems to be a hundred times louder and he drinks in proportion. In the end despairing of drowing it, he takes his own life. First murder, then suicide are added to his list. If he does not take this course delirium tremens may catch him. His inflamed brain sees awful and terrorising phantoms and under the strain it snaps and he becomes a raving maniac. Thus it is evident than an increase of manly sports would help to decrease the many crimes that shock and appall every nation.

Morning Star.

S. J. C. TEAM '23.

The Morning Star Players and rooters came down to the Field with high spirits determined to win, come what may. Our players were in tip top condition ready to wipe them off the Field. The game was stated at 2.30 sharp, the Morning Star taking the first kick. Two minutes after the ball was in play Truhin (S.J.C.) sent in a shot between the bars completely beating the goal-keeper. The Tokyo boys redoubled their efforts but in spite of it our little Ivison (S. J. C.) slipped another one in, score standing 2.....0 in our favour. After this the sphere of activity turned

in their favour, soon bagging two goals. The whistle blew for half time, score still standing 2.....2.

The second half started with a firm determination of both teams to win or die in the attempt. Tokyo by some mere chance passed our heavy backs and cleared another goal. Score being 3.....2 in their favour. The remaining few minutes were tense with excitement. From a graceful corner kick by our full-back Antoniantz, Wallace headed in the ball, the whistle blew; score 3.....3.

By agreement between the two captains an extension of ten minutes was

granted. A few minutes before the end Wallace scored another one. Tokyo battled on stubbornly. The whistle blew without any change of the score. S. J. C. VICTORIOUS.....

Especially in the middle of the game, the encouragement of the ROOTERS was gratefully felt and a written appreciation by the team would not be anywhere out of place.

Immediately after the Morning Star game we received a challenge from the Astra Club (Grads of Morning Star) for the following Saturday but owing to heavy snows the match had to be cancelled.

MORNING STAR.

Forwards	{	G. Ivison
		T. Olsen
		P. Wallace
		S. Kawazoe
		I. Truhin

Halves	{	G. Jolles
		E. Jungers
		S. Dresser
Backs	{	S. Antoniantz
		G. Fachtmann
Coal.		G. Jeltenko
Sub.		I. Volkoff

Forwards	{	Wada
		Tsutada
		Donald
		Aoyama
Half Backs	{	Tsuruoka
		Shibuya
		Ochi
Full Backs	{	Makino
		Amari
Goal Keeper	{	Kawamura
		Watanabe

Sophomore—Freshmen.

Keen rivalry between these two classes culminated in a football match. Early in the game one of the Soph backs twisted his knee necessitating the insertion of a substitute. A short time after this the Soph center forward shot the ball between the posts for the first goal. The Freshmen redoubled their efforts and were successful. Their center forward scoring. The half time whistle blew, score standing 1.....1 Early in the second half the Sophs broke through the Freshie's defense and scored their second goal. The Freshmen's blood and honor were up and they commenced a rough and fact game. A Freshman full back playing well up the field, took the ball and scored the equaliser. Soon after this the whistle blew; each side vowing to fight it out again and prove that their side was the stronger.

SENIOR-JUNIOR VERSUS SOPH-FRESH.

Great interest was shown in this unique game. Usually these classes never come together except for battles and scraps but exceptions will happen and the game came off smoothly. The Soph-Fresh kicked off and thru a dangerous scramble before the goal mouth Jolles (Senior) scored the first goal. It was soon followed up by Wallace (Senior) who, by some fine individual play scored the second goal. The Soph-Fresh battled gamely on and through a supreme effort by their left-wing man beat the goalie. The players settled down to solid football. The Senior-Junior defense was at last penetrated and the equalizing goal was scored. Second half; The second half started with a rush. Both teams were exerting them-

selves to the utmost. The game became rough and consequently scrappy. Three minutes before time through a well placed corner kick by Ivison (Senior),

S. J. C. Versus Colmar.

A visit by portion of the French Fleet resulted in a game with a team from the light cruiser Colmar. The sailors wore striking colours and the field looked pretty, dotted with red and blue shirts. The sailors losing the toss, we chose the east end. Two members of our team being disabled vast changes had to be made in the line up.

From the beginning the Colmar men played a fast and clever game using a lot of head-work. A determined rush through our defense, and the ball shot past our goalie. Score 0—1 in the sailors' favor. The S. J. C. men then took the ball and after an exciting tangle before the goal mouth, Kawazoe sent a beautiful kick clean thru the goalie's arms. Score 1—1. The sailors now worked up with the game took the ball down the field and thru some fine

Olsen (Senior) shot in the winning goal. The Soph-Fresh, discouraged and tired made feeble efforts to score but were not successful.

passing, scored their second goal; 2—1 in the Colmar's favor.

The second half started with a rush, and soon, thru some fine individual play by a French forward, the third goal was scored. At last determined effort of the S. J. C. men was culminated with success, and Jolles kicked in another goal; score 3—2. Then ensued a lot of dribbling and tackling, and both goals were often in danger. At last, the sailors broke thru and scored a fourth goal. The S. J. C. battled on grimly but their efforts were unsuccessful, and the whistle blew; the score standing 4—2 in the Colmar's favor. The sailors played a finer game than we did, though the score would undoubtedly have been more even if the absent members of our team had been on the field.

Minims' News.

The Lions and Tiger walloped each other in a series of thirteen lucky games. The Lions carried off the bones eight times while the treacherous Tigers were satisfied with five good bites of victory.

The Bright Stars and the White Stars were at each other a few times and caused commotion in their constellations. The Bright Stars carried off two splendid victories and the great White Star still shines with one.

Every day the Minims get their practice with several footballs going at once. Idlers have no standing room and the lookers on soon feel the call to play. The Minims Division is a place of

molecular activity.

SNOW MAN.

Talk about having fun in building a snow man. All the Minims got together and built a really big snow man over ten feet high.

With all the sports and games at the College, the boys appreciate that St. Joseph's College is not an athletic club nor a social organization, but an institution busy in the serious work of training minds, hearts, and characters.

College Chronicle.

VERY PERTINENT NOW.

The Alumni, Old Boys, Parents and Friends who have not contributed to the Building and Playground Fund would do well to ponder these figures as found upon the budget of the St. Joseph's College:

Sept. 1921, Bought Lot	Yen.
No. 87	60,000.00
Sept. 1921, Began School Building	100,000.00
Aug. 1922, Retaining Wall Built	10,000.00
Jan. 1923, Bought Lot No. 84... ..	30,000.00

Unless funds are quickly provided for, the work on the projected playgrounds will not be started in 1923, as all the money now on hand is tied up in the work already begun.

	Yen.
? ? Begin New Playground	20,000.00
? Retaining Walls for Playground	30,000.00

These figures mount up to the grand total of Yen 250,000.00, or in getting down to the cost per student, it amounts to a little over Yen 1,000 each.

These figures do not take into account the running expenses nor allow for depreciation of present buildings which in itself is quite an item.

The College is straining every nerve to gather this money together so as to give to the foreign boys of Japan and the Far East not only the best education that they can receive but also perfect buildings and spacious playgrounds.

There are few of us in the Far East and especially in Yokohama who have not received from the College at least five yen for every yen we paid into the College in return for the education she gave us.

How anyone can refuse or neglect to contribute to the Building and Playground Fund under such circumstances, is hard to understand.

The College is not asking to be repaid, but to give to her in her present need with the same generous spirit that she gives to all foreign boys, irrespective of creed or nationality, but in the truest broadminded spirit that can consistently be imagined.

Give What You Are Able.....for.....

Her Present Need is.....

Your Grand Opportunity.

With sincere thanks we publish the following contributions of 1923.

Mr. A. Clark... ..	¥ 25.00
Cornes & Co,	200.00
S. Isaacs	200.00
J. de Benneville	50.00
Rising Sun Co.	100.00
Jos. Miller	100.00
L. Van de Polder	50.00
C. Offhouse	30.00
Epiphany	300.00
J. J. Muhlmann	40.00
H. M. Tresize	10.00
H. Masson	20.00
M. Russell	100.00
S. J. C. Orchestra	510.00
Miss E. R. Scidmore	500.00

Total ¥ 2,235.00

St. Joseph's College Alumni Orchestra.

At the end of the Christmas term Mr. James D. Miller took over the leadership of the St. Joseph's College Orchestra. The Orchestra was reorganized on a sound business basis. The Orchestra consists of twenty members mostly alumni of the college. The following is a list: (Page 32).

The Orchestra gave an entertainment at the Gaiety on January 20th, in conjunction with a cinema show. The excellent music played was much appreciated by the audience. Mr. Miller was able to hand a substantial sum to the Director of the College for the building fund.

New Apparatus.

Our Physics and Chemistry department aims not only to turn out boys whose minds have been stored with precise memory formulae but, what is probably more important, boys capable of reasoning out the intricate formulae from having seen and done the experiments leading to the desired knowledge.

This requires apparatus of the finest sort, not to say anything of the cost. So

A "Bust Up."
On the Tuesday following the entertainment at the Gaiety the orchestra had a "bust up" to celebrate its first public appearance, and also for business purposes. If you wish to know if they enjoyed themselves ask the members of the orchestra.

every year new varieties of instruments are purchased. This year was no exception and apparatus to the value of over Yen 500.00 were added to the laboratories.

There are men who make it a hobby to donate gifts in apparatus and money to scientific laboratories. If you are so inclined you will find our laboratories still in need.

J-CVZ

The new wireless set re-rigged is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the Radio Club; full of signs whenever you want to listen and tantalizing to some in its complicated form as wireless is to most boys.

The Radio Club will forever keep at the head of its Honor Roll their first President, Claiborne Van Zandt. Though now gone on a world tour with his parents and brothers and later to enter a University in America he will always remain with us.

S.J.C. Weekly Cinema.

The weekly cinema show takes place every Saturday and a large and eager crowd of boys is always in attendance. The main attraction is our new serial "Perils of the Yukon," a thrilling picture depicting adventures in Alaska. Besides the serial, a drama is usually shown and several comics, making about

ten reels in all. Music is supplied by the...

Senior Jazz.

Which is still as juzzy as ever. It is real pleasure to listen to it, and it is doubtless one of the reasons that accounts for the large crowd on Saturdays.

Our New School Building.

The new school building that is being erected has made rapid progress during the past few months. We intend to move into it about June. It is a three storied structure, the first two floors containing all the classrooms, and the top floor, the chemical and physical laboratories. It is built of re-enforced concrete and is both fire proof and earthquake proof.

A Week of Snow.

This term has been a season of delight for the lover of winter sports. We have had several heavy snowfalls,

and once practically a week of snow. There is a fairly steep hill in the college premises, and every spare moment was spent sliding down on sleighs. Snowballing was also a favorite pastime and some exciting (especially for those who were unfortunately hit by missiles) fights took place.

Acquisition of Property.

The school recently acquired No. 84, a lot of ground and houses at the corner of the General Hospital. In our scheme of building we intend to make the entrance to the school at this corner. This idea

was suggested by the fact that visitors till now found great difficulty in finding the school.

January Cinema.

"Don't Get Personal".....but we must. The Fourth Preparatory lead the school in ticket selling and piled up eighteen points above their nearest rival the Sixth Preparatory and hundred and sixty eight points above the low water mark. Other classes that deserve special mention are the Fifth Preparatory and the Freshmen class; each of these classes having done excellent work.

Playground Entertainment.

The first Student and Alumni Dramatic and Musical Entertainment was a brilliant success. The Gaiety Theatre was entirely filled with an enthusiastic audience. The acting by the pupils was greatly enhanced by the devoted care of Mrs. Worden who for weeks had been working upon the costumes used in the several plays. The S.J.C. Alumni Orchestra under the direction of Mr. James D. Miller rendered artistic music throughout the afternoon.

The acting by the pupils was masterful and in character. All three

plays were well given and the actors deserve a great deal of credit for the fine work done. Pat's Trick ended with a fine moral. "Nos Bicyclist" was a really laughable French comic.

The heaviest piece of the entertainment was the tragedy in five acts written and staged by Mr. Wm Ambrose, one of the teachers of the College. It was in connection with "The Three Starry Crowns" that the work of Mrs. Worden was especially appreciated; for every actor in this piece passed through her hands and this added greatly to the beautiful effects produced by the play.

PROGRAMME

1.—Overture "Apolio"	Theo. Tobani	St. Joseph's College Alumni Orchestra.
2.—"London Bridge"		Minims—H. Schoene (Piano)
3.—"Off to the Country"	W. M. Felton	L. Shaw
4.—"Orphelia"	M. Greewald	A. Dresser, M. Iba, P. Ruegg
5.—"Pat's Trick"		J. Wilson (Piano)
6.—"Old-fashioned Girl"	Al. Johnson	Minims R. Price (Piano)
7.—"Salute the Colore"	B. R. Anthony	S.J.C.A.O.
8.—"Sacred Song"	L. van Beethoven	V. Koslovsky, D. Romanoff
"March"	Ch. Gounod	

1st Violins:

L. Goldfinger T. Olsen
G. Jolles P. Wallace
E. Jungers

2nd Violins:

M. Agafuroff R. Master
G. Fachtmann

- 9.—"Our Director" (March) *F. E. Bigelow*
10.—"Oublions la Vie Amère"

- 11.—Nos Biocyclistes *E. Botrel*

- 12.—"Just Before the
Battle, Mother"

- 13.—"Sonate Pathétique" *L. van Beethoven*

3rd Violins:

W. Baumann K. Kawazoe
P. Ruegg

Piano:

L. Chernyh

S.J.C.A.O.

Boys' Choir

Piano—V. Koslovsky

Senior French Class

Boys' Choir

Piano—L. Shaw

L. Chernyh

INTERVAL 10 MINUTES

- 14.—"Dawn of Love" (March) *Theodore Bendix* S.J.C.A.O.

- 15.—"The Three Starry
Crowns" *W. A.* High School Boys

- 16.—"American Legion"
March *C. D. Vandersloot* S.J.C.A.O.

S. J. C. March

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ORCHESTRA

DIRECTOR: JAMES D. MILLER.

First Violins:

J. Westendorp
L. Fachtmann
J. Rhine
P. Wallace
L. Goldfinger
G. Jolles

Piano:

Joseph Miller

Cello:

O. Fachtmann

Trombones:

F. Fonseca

Second Violin:

T. Olsen
A. Scheuten
G. Fachtmann
A. MacDonald

Cornet:

J. D'Aquino

Drums:

V. Rangel

Bass Violin:

Mr. Borris

Viola:

F. Ribeiro

"London Bridge" By Minims.

PAT'S TRICK.

Pat, Servant L. Gillingham.
Mr. Jones, Uncle L. Galstaun.
Pete, Gardner... .. J. Selles.
Mr. Jones' Nephews ... J. Waddell, R. Price, H. Yano.
P. Morin, N. Agarwal and K. Master.

NOS BICYCLISTES.

Operette en un acte (par E. Botrel.)

PERSONNAGES

Galichon, adjoint d'Arpajon... .. T. Olsen.
Eustache, domestique de Galichon P. Wallace.
Pomponne, brigadier de gendarmerie M. Agafuroff.
3 Bicyclistes { 1. Jacques Lambert F. Schoene.
2. Robert G. Jolles.
3. Gontran A. Fedotieff.

THE THREE STARRY CROWNS

(A Tragedy in Five Acts.)

Lucretius.....Prefect of Rome.....H. Mahr.
VitellusFriend of LucretiusW. Baumann.
TigranesA. TutorJ. Agajan.
Pupils of Tigranes.
CorvinusSons of the Prefect.....G. Xavier.
Quintin }Son of Vitellus{ L. Cox.
Cyril }{ R. Cox.
TarcisiusA ChristianM. Fachtmann.
Furius }Chums of Corvinus.....{ E. Gomes.
Lupus }{ J. Masson.

ArcadiusA Christian SoldierJ. Wilson.
Aristides.....A MagicianF. Schoene.
Orestes }Boy-Slaves of Aristides{ M. Gutters.
Cyrus }{ G. Weed.
NisanderAn Eastern Spy.....M. Agafuroff.
TaurusA LictorB. D'Aquino.
HyfaxAn ExecutionerA. Fedotieff.

Torturers.

Piano accompaniment by L. Chernyh.

"THE THREE STARRY CROWNS"

A Tragedy of Early Christianity.

Cyril, the son of a pagan, befriends Tarcisius, a Christian. This friendship leads to Cyril's conversion. Corvinus, the sworn enemy of Tarcisius, finds it out, and to take revenge makes known to Cyril's father that his son is a Christian. The father drives the son from his house.

A persecution against the Christians is raging at this time, and Cyril is taken prisoner. His brother, a pagan, accompanies him to prison, and is converted. Corvinus finally meets his doom, and this opens the eyes of Cyril's father, and all three win the Crown of Martyrdom.

BOY SCOUTS.

THE AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS BIRTHDAY.

The American Boy Scouts birthday was celebrated in true scout fashion.

The meeting opened with a few appropriate remarks about the meaning of the day and the common spirit that runs through every loyal scout.

Then followed the renewal of the scout oath and the grand salute to all the scouts of the world, and each scout's national flag.

The wind up came at the end when some one hundred and fifty big sweet potatoes were roasted in a roaring fire that crackled to the humming delight of the joyous scouts as they pulled 'em out and put 'em back again until the really good ones were found to satisfy a king's taste.

We were twelve scouts standing about when our Scout Master in company with an American sailor came up. We stood at attention immediately for we knew some order was to be given.

Our Scout Master told us to name our nationality. Well, out of the twelve of us we were eleven nationalities. The sailor could not understand how so many nationalities got along together so nicely. Our S. M. told him that all the boys at the Colloge were treated just like the children of a big family.

On our last public good work in

gathering clothes for the poor Russian refugees some of our scouts met with some noble examples of charity and some real mother's love.

Just to recall two examples.

Three of our scouts enterer one home and were accosted by a young man. As soon as the scouts presented their card the young man emptied his clothes press upon his bed and told the boys scouts to take as much as they wanted. It was only after some "resistance" that the young man himself offered to make the selection.

The other beautiful lesson was that of a mother and her little daughter. The good mother told her child the purpose of the scouts' visit and to set the good example both mother and child removed a warm jacket from their shoulder and gave them to the scouts. After that the mother gave to the poor anything the little child selected.

JOKES.

J BUDGE.

It is good that there are sidewalks in Japan, especially during wet weather!

RUBBER.

TEACHER:—Why does sound travel much faster in rubber than in wood?

Teddy (proudly):—Because it bounces of course.

GRAND COMPETITION.

A boy asked what is the difference between fox trot and *three step*. Who can answer this question?

ONE STEP FURTHER.

Teacher:—If you imagine a boy having a cold you will soon think of a boy coughing.

Agajan (incredulously):—A boy in a coffin?

ARE THEY SWALLOWS?

Teacher:—Who can tell me why people become resonators?

Gab:—Because the people swallow the echoes.

NOTHING.

Mr. H.—What are you doing now adays?

Mr. Babo:—Nothing.

Mr. H. Don't you get tired?

Mr. Babo:—Sometimes.

Mr. H. What do you do then?

Mr. Babo:—Nothing.

ARE THEY JUNIORS?

Teacher:—When is a horse full of metal?

Cherniyh:—When it is shot full of holes.

20 POUNDS TO A SQUARE INCH.

Cyclist pointing to a footballer lying on the ground.—Whats the matter with him?

Willie:—He can't get air.

Cyclist:—Shall I lend him my motor-cycle pump?

KIND.

Proud Customer (roughly). How many kinds of pies have you in 'ere binbasted pace?

Waiter (Chuckling):—Why, hot and cold, sir.

Intelligent Junior:—When you receive radio messages, must you open the window???

NIGGARDLY.

What is a niggardly patron?
Why a darky of course.

SOMETHING?

Teacher, anxiously addressing a boy who had just hit his head:—Let me see your head.

Student Seriously:—There is nothing there sir.

IS IT YOUR ORIGIN?

A.—What does scratching your head signify?

B.—Don't know.

C.—Why, it shows your origin(?)

Poor Rachard was right when he said that those who believe in their ape descendance are travelling on a round trip ticket.

Cross-eyed officer addressing the first of three soldiers in a row:—What's your name?

Second Soldier:—X Y Z

Officer:—I did not speak to you.

Third Soldier:—I didn't say anything.

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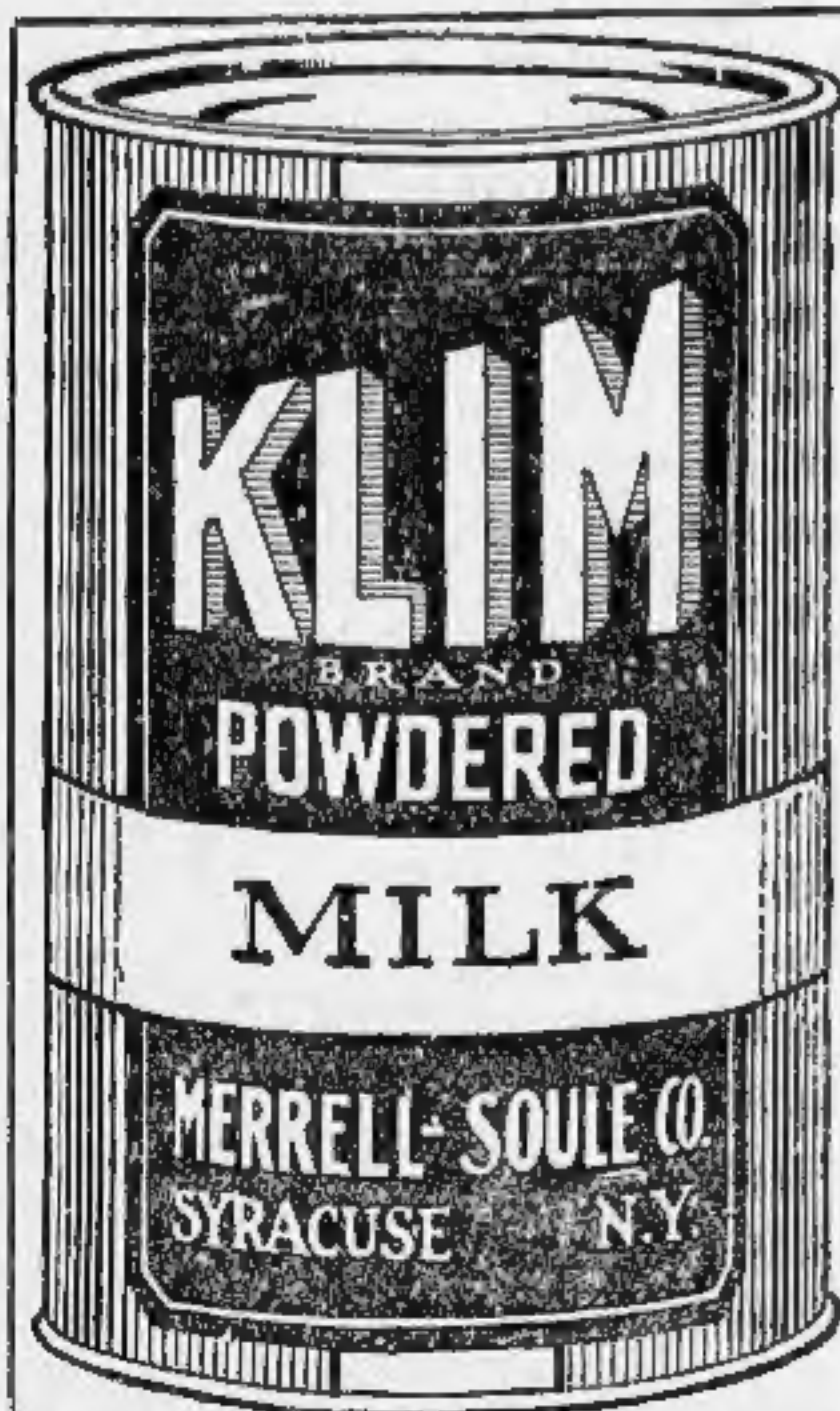
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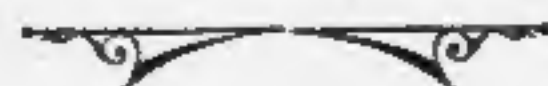
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L. CAUDRELIER.

MAIN

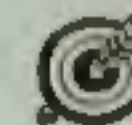
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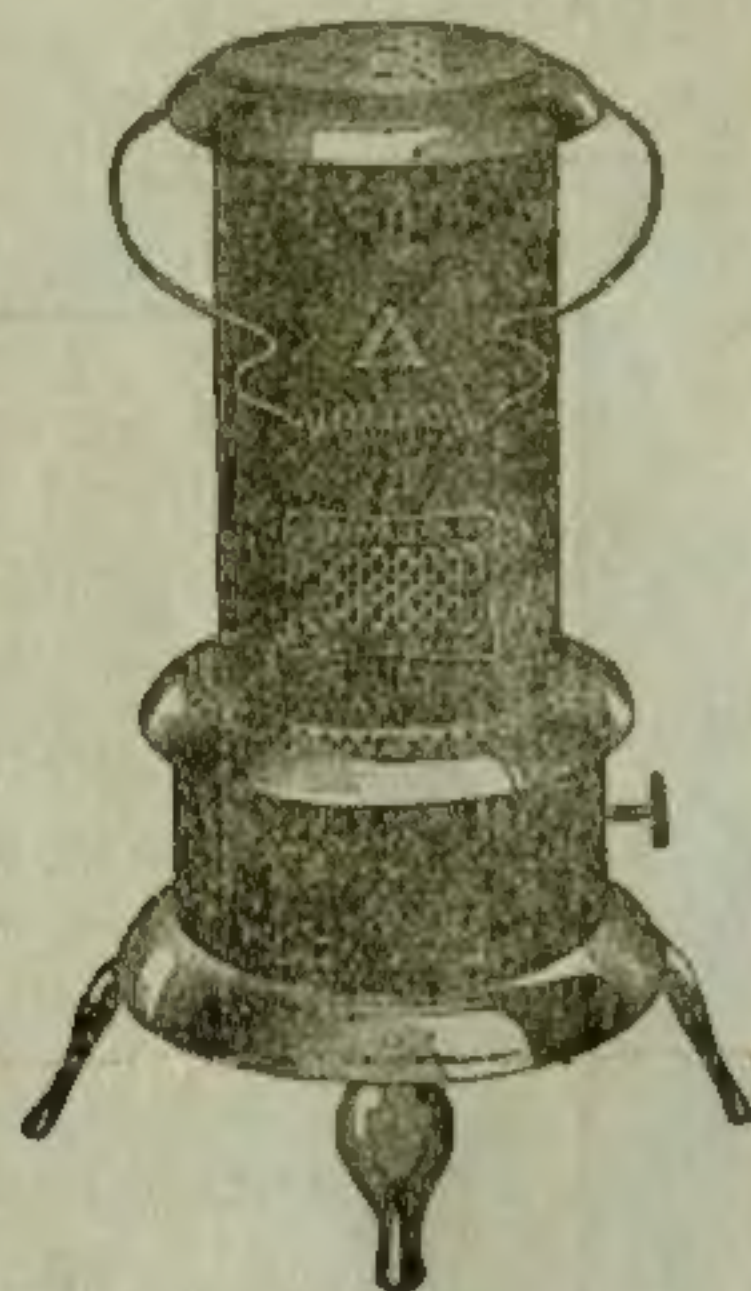
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